

**Model Bakery....**  
Everything good to eat always on hand at the Model Bakery. Bread, Cakes, Pies, Cookies, Candies, Etc. See him opposite the post office.  
**J. A. ISLINGER, Prop.**

**Guinthe's**  
**CHOCOLATES**  
**BONBONS**  
**HOW GOOD**  
**If You Want**  
All the sweets of life you cannot afford to overlook our fine stock of Chocolates and Candies. They Are Better.  
**CLARK DRUG COMPANY.**

**The Ada National Bank.**  
TOM HOPE, President. WILLARD JOHNSTON, Vice President.  
FRANK JONES, Cashier. ORVILLE SNEAD, Asst. Cashier.  
Capital Stock, \$50,000.00  
Undivided Profits, 20,200.00  
Blanks Furnished and Remittances Made to the Government on Town Lots.  
ADA, CHICKASAW NATION, IND. TERR.

**ONE FOURTH OFF!**  
FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS WE WILL GIVE ONE FOURTH OFF ON GUITARS, VIOLINS, MANDOLINS, BANJOS AND ACCORDEANS. COME EARLY AND GET YOUR CHOICE.  
**C. J. WARREN.**

**PAUL W. ALLEN,**  
**Livery Stable.**  
NEW HORSES NEW BUGGIES  
Travel well. Look well.  
Satisfactory Service Guaranteed.  
**Allen Livery Barn**

**OPERA HOUSE**  
THREE NIGHTS,  
COMMENCING THURSDAY, JANUARY 5th.  
**The Lyceum Stock Company**  
ONE OF THE RECOGNIZED COMPANIES  
A GUARANTEED ATTRACTION  
**OPENING PLAY**  
**Down on the Farm.**  
A FOUR ACT COMEDY  
ELEGANT SPECIAL SCENERY  
HIGH CLASS SPECIALTIES BETWEEN ACTS.  
**POPULAR PRICES,**  
**15, 25 and 35 Cents.**  
Seats on Sale at Clark's Drug Store.

## Port Arthur Succumbs to Unrelenting Vigil of Japs

Port Arthur, Jan. 3. Port Arthur has surrendered. Exhausted by months of almost constant fighting, decimated by disease and casualties and hopelessly sealed in its rocky fortress, the gallant garrison has yielded to its gallant besiegers and the end is now written of the most dramatic incidents of modern times.

At 9 o'clock last night Gen. Nogi commanding the Japanese army of investment, received from the Russian General, Stoessel, a note saying that he found further resistance useless and asking for a meeting to arrange terms of capitulation. The note was simple and direct, and the Japanese General immediately named commissioners to confer with representatives of the Russian commander. They met at noon to arrange the conditions of surrender.

The siege and the defense of Russia's stronghold in the far east have been marked by bravery, gallantry and desperation unequalled in modern warfare, and hardly excelled in military history. The story of the operations around Port Arthur is one of the repeated fighting, both by land and sea, of the most desperate and thrilling character. Isolated instances of heroism that would have set the world ringing under less overwhelming circumstances have been dwarfed by the generally magnificent conduct of both forces.

In the doomed fortress its people have lived under a devastating rain of shell and shrapnel. On every side, knowing that hope of succor or escape was in vain, the garrison has fought with a stubbornness that has evoked the admiration of the world. They met the untiring assaults of the Japanese with a grim valor that won even the praise of their foe and their fighting has been waged with relentlessness that often refused truces to bury the dead and collect the wounded. Over corpse-filled trenches men have fought hand to hand with cold steel and clubbed guns, and at short range have hurled at each other grenades filled with high explosives. The whole story is one of undaunted courage and sublime bravery.

**THE DEAD AND WOUNDED.**  
Huge totals of dead and wounded in the far eastern war:

	Japan	Russia
Port Arthur casualties	70,000	21,000
Casualties in other battles	78,000	129,000
Total casualties	148,000	150,000
Total dead (both)	56,000	67,000

It is believed that the garrison will receive liberal terms. There is a general disposition to be magnanimous in view of the garrison's marvelous defense. The public has not been informed of the result of the meeting of the capitulation commissioners at noon today, but it was believed that the terms had already been agreed upon. In military circles the opinion was expressed that the discussion covered only a few questions, including the garrison to march out, carrying their arms, permitting the garrison to return to Russia with or without their officers and requiring their parole not to take any further part in the war. It is possible that the Japanese will permit the entire garrison to return to Russia with arms upon giving their parole.

## FARMERS BURN COTTON IN OKLAHOMA TOWN

Asher, Ok., Jan. 3. Several thousand dollars' worth of cotton, gathered together in huge piles in the little town of Asher, furnished a huge bonfire, with which to greet the new year. In the presence of a large crowd, the torch was applied, and the acrid smoke was a witness that the farmers of this section intend to burn only a few sections in the hope of restoring the supply of cotton and restoring the equilibrium of the market.

The fire was the result of a bittering jest, which was started by a crowd, and which spread rapidly throughout the town, and the community. The fire soon became a reality and new year's fire around Asher, the first of his suppression to make the office a success.

In a short time a terrific movement was begun, considerable cotton had been dumped in a pile, which increased in size as the enthusiastic spread and soon assumed the proportions of a small mountain. One man carried about two bales, many others a bale each, while later a load of seed went to swell the pile.

At 3 o'clock D. C. May, after delivering a short speech, applied the torch and the assembled hundreds cheered the curbs of smoke as they ascended. So large was the pile that it will probably require a couple of days for all of the cotton to be consumed.

This year the acreage will be greatly reduced and the land planted in potatoes, corn, alfalfa and other crops which can be profitably grown in this section. The great success of potato-raising the last year has given a stimulus to the culture of this crop. Many farmers raised 250 bushels per acre, realizing 75c a bushel for them. One dealer in Shawnee has ordered twelve car loads of seed potatoes from Minnesota.

Fliesman's yeast sold at the City Bakery. 227-12

## CARRIE GREETED BY THOUSANDS AT SHAWNEE

Shawnee, Okla., Jan. 3.—Shawnee is entertaining Mrs. Carrie Nation, who arrived in the city Sunday evening. Fully 2,000 people met the Rock Island train from the west at 3:30, all anxious to get a glimpse of her. They were disappointed, however, as Mrs. Nation refused to get out of her car to greet the throngs. A section of the train was pulled out and a platform erected to enable her to greet the throngs in the city.

**A New Store.**  
By the first of February parties from Ozark, Ark., will open a general merchandise store in the room now occupied by the Dixie store.

**Cattle Season Closed.**  
Guthrie, Okla., Jan. 2.—The open season for Oklahoma cattle which commenced yesterday between States of property inspectors, closed at midnight. Secretary Morris of the Oklahoma Live Stock Commission says the movement of cattle has been exceedingly light, the heaviest in several years.

**A Fatal Jump for Prisoner.**  
Guthrie, Okla., Jan. 3.—While Sheriff Zimmerman of Canadian county, was removing a prisoner, Walter Hansen, to Union City, where he was wanted on a forgery charge, Hansen jumped from the train somewhere between El Reno and Union City, and received fatal injuries. He cannot recover.

**New Judge Western District.**  
Muskogee, I. T., Jan. 3.—Alexander P. Richmond, president of the Territorial Audit Company, was appointed by C. W. Raymond, judge for the Western District, Indian Territory, to the position of United States Commissioner at Wewoka, I. T., recently made vacant by the resignation of H. P. Sanford.

**Grant Victor Elected.**  
South McAlester, I. T., Jan. 3.—The Republican executive committee of Indian Territory convened here Monday for the purpose of electing a chairman to succeed Cyrus G. Keen of Wynnewood, recently deceased Grant Victor of Afton, I. T., was chosen chairman.

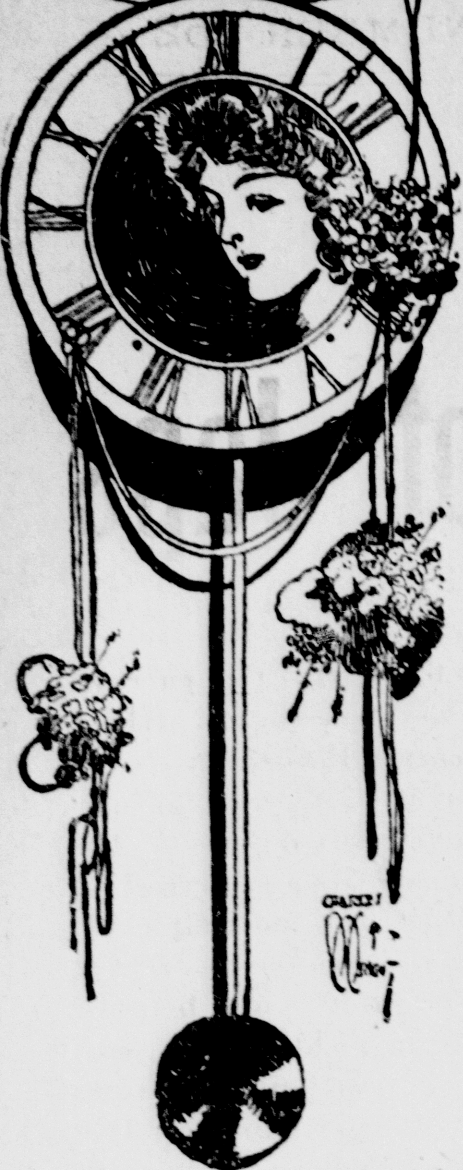
**Three Men Captured.**  
Oklahoma City, Ok., Jan. 3.—Detective Warden Monday captured three men in a rooming house in connection with the robbery of L. Hamilton of Tulsa, in which Hamilton lost \$65.

**Attention.**  
We have the most complete and latest variety stock of undertaking goods in the city. Caskets, coffins, robes, shrouds, shoes, etc., at competitive prices. Everything new—new shirt worn coats, all the latest equipment's. Night man will serve you any hour. Address: 1011 North Broadway. A. J. Mosman, the Pioneer Embalmer, refers you to his past record and success as an embalmer in Ada for three years past. All work shipped has arrived at its destination in perfect condition and any case taken will be fully guaranteed. We have a nicely fitted up morgue, will hold bodies for any length of time desired. Will move from public or private places and hold at our risk, mutilated, decomposing, bloated, discolored bodies, and restore same to perfect condition. Try us if you want the best. Mosman, Fisher & Co., Exclusive Undertakers. Gate City Mutual Burial Association in connection. One door south post-office. Phone No. 13. Certificate No. 49. 252 2d w 37 2.

**FOR RENT.**—An eight room house situated on Broadway and 14th street. See Mr. F. H. Brown on the premises. 251 2d w 37 2.



# AS THE CLOCK TICKS



## ONLY WANTED INFORMATION.

As it is Capt. Frank Conn's business to build trolley roads, he always patronizes them on principle whenever possible and eschews cabs. When he emerged from the Hotel Marie Antoinette the other day a cab driver accosted him with the regulation, "Keb, sir, heb?"

"How much to the Long Island ferry?"

"Two dollars, sir."

"No."

"All right, sir; make it a dollar and a half."

"Is that your lowest?"

"Yes, sir; isn't that cheap enough?"

"Oh, I suppose so."

"All right then. Jump in."

"Oh, I don't want a cab. I only wanted to find out how much I would save by taking a street car."

## ORIGIN OF THE "HOOSIERS."

Thomas Taggart, who may be accepted as an authority on the subject, tells a picturesque story of the origin of the word Hoosiers.

"When the first settlers," he says, "came to Indiana from the Carolinas and Kentucky they built their little log cabins along a common road, and as the cabins all looked alike, it became the custom for any one seeking friends to go along the road calling out at each cabin: 'Who's here?' From this the original settlers came to be known as Hoosiers."

## H-A-Y, HAY—DRIED GRASS.

As might well be expected, the name of the present secretary of state is familiar to nearly all Americans, and evidence of his claim to a place in their memories was furnished recently by a little incident that happened while a farmer, rejoicing in his monosyllabic cognomen, was talking over the long distance telephone. "Mr. Hay" was given as an answer to the frequent telephone question, "Who is there?" But Mr. Hay was requested to repeat his name, and his interlocutor, failing to catch it again and

## HOW TO TREAT A SPRAIN.

Insist on Perfect Rest Before Arrival of Doctor.

The question of how to treat a sprain is often raised. Everybody understands the nature of a sprain; that wrenching of a joint whereby some of the ligaments (those very useful bands which unite the bones forming the joint) are violently stretched, or perhaps even ruptured.

This kind of injury is rarely, except through unusual complications, dangerous in its nature, but it is certainly very painful, and when of a serious nature, may result in the permanent impairment of the joint. Such an injury, if at all severe, is immediately followed by marked swelling of the parts, and prompt attention should be given anticipating the surgeon's coming.

The very first item in the treatment of a sprain is perfect rest of the limb until a doctor can be summoned. Reduce the swelling by applications of hot fomentations, as hot as can be endured; change about once in every three hours. If a piece of oilskin be not at hand, use common newspaper. Wind it carefully outside the hot cloth; this will prevent the escape of the steam, and prevent the cloth from cooling. A good way to save the hands from being scalded is to place the hot, dripping flannel in a towel, then, taking hold of each end of the towel, to wring it until the flannel is dry enough to apply.

## Mexican Journals.

Mexico is credited with being at the head of the Latin-American countries in the matter of letters. Besides possessing the oldest organs of Spanish-American journalism, it is said to have in active existence the first library established in America, which is now at least 300 years old. In Chile, Argentina and Peru there are papers that have been published for fifty years and more. One is the El Comercio, of Lima, which has had a career of sixty years of uninterrupted daily issue.

again, shouted rather impatiently: "Speak up, I cannot hear you." Mr. Hay, Mr. Hay. "Mr. what?" "Mr. Hay—h-a-y, hay, dried grass—Secretary Hay. Do you hear me now?" And he said he did.

## GLORIES OF WAR.

Major General Corbin commanding the department of the east, tells the following with reference to a member of the militia of a northern state taking part in the recent maneuvers at Manassas:

The guardsman was one day making heroic efforts to get away with his first ration of army beef. A fellow soldier walking near him stopped to watch, with some amusement, the attempt of the northerner to masticate the meat. "What's the matter, Bill?" asked he.

"Oh, nothin' much," was the sullen reply. Then, disgustedly regarding a piece of the beef that he held in his hand, the Yankee added:

"Now I know what people mean when they talk about the sinews of war."

## A BRIEF CORRESPONDENCE.

A West Virginia coal operator who is represented in New York by his son recently wrote the following letter concerning a shipment of bituminous coal:

October 16, 1904.

"DAD."

In a few days the following answer was sent:

New York, October 23, 1904.

"DAD."

"JIM."

Translated into the vernacular this reads: "Jim, see my coal on. Dad."

"Dad, coal on. Jim."

## ENGLISH HUMOR.

Charles M. Pepper, the newspaper man who was appointed a commissioner on the Intercontinental railway commission, tells an amusing story in which the main figure is Henry Norman, the British journalist. Norman visited Washington a few years ago.

One evening just before the departure of the Britisher it was determined to put up a joke on him at the Press club. A Mr. Decker was selected to be the perpetrator. This gentleman arose in his seat and, taking a small bell from his pocket, addressed Mr. Norman as follows:

"Sir, I have been designated by my fellow members to convey to you an expression of our pleasure. On behalf of the National Press club of Washington I am instructed to give you thing ring."

As he uttered the word "ring" Mr. Decker rapped the bell smartly and placed it upon the table.

It was plainly to be seen that the Englishman was taken aback. After a good deal of hemming and hawing he replied:

"Mr. Decker and members of the National Press club, words fail me. I am overwhelmed. With respect to this gift, which I am pleased to receive, I suppose that Mr. Decker, as was only natural in the embarrassment of the moment, for we newspaper men are notoriously poor speakers, has made a mistake, for he has, as you see, given me a bell instead of a ring!"

## Really Weak Soup.

Sir Percy Sanderson, the British consul general in New York, was talking on the Etruria about weak soup.

"As good a description of weak soup as I know," he said, "came from the lowly lips of a poor woman in the east end of London. She was destitute last winter, and a parish visitor advised her to apply for soup at a neighboring soup kitchen."

"She got some soup, but she did not like it. This is what she said of it to the visitor when he called next day:

"Do you call that stuff soup? Why, all they do is to get a quart of water and boil it down to a pint to make it strong."

## At Half-Past Nine P. M.

At half-past Nine P. M. when Jack breathes low a last good night. I wish my heart but had the knack To hide its silly plight; But, ah! it flutters so, my will Is powerless to stem Its tide of love, its joyous thrill.

At half-past Nine P. M. The evening through, I'm frank to state My heart betrays no sign. Rebellious, calm it is at Eight, But when a heart rebels so bold, A woman's mind walks to and fro—

Decorum's guard pro tem— Until Jack takes his hat to go.

At half-past Nine P. M. I bless the fate that keeps me cold And prim the evening through. But when a heart rebels so bold, Pray, what's a girl to do? 'Gainst saying "Yes" I firmly set, And kissing I condemn— But who knows what may happen yet?

At half-past Nine P. M. Roy Farrell Greene in New York Press.

## Find Skeletons of Missing Men.

The skeletons of four men who mysteriously disappeared there, between two days, twenty years ago, have been discovered in an old water hole near Quartrite, Ariz. They were on their way to California and no doubt were murdered for their money.

## Cigars for Russian Soldiers.

A Prussian firm has received an order from the Russian government for 4,000,000 cigars for the army in Manchuria. They are to cost \$1.20 a hundred.

## OUR ENGLISH COUSINS.

"Whenever reference is made to the liking entertained for Americans by our English cousins and of the courtesies shown us by them," says Bliss Carman, the poet, "I recall with amusement the experience of certain ladies of my acquaintance who on arriving at Southampton were embarrassed by the fact that a friend whom they were expecting to meet them there had failed to put in an appearance. While they were casting about in their minds what course to pursue a nice looking Britisher of advanced age, observing that the party were in some doubt as to their movements, approached and politely inquired whether he might be of service to them."

"Thank you so much!" exclaimed one of the ladies, explaining the situation, and adding:

"You see, we are quite ignorant of the best way to get to our destination, having just arrived from America."

"Indeed!" replied the elderly Britisher. "Just from America? We have quite a number of your countrymen in jail here, madam."

## THE VIRGINIAN AND THE CLOCK.

At the luncheon following the launching of the submarine torpedo boat Simon Lake X. Mr. Foster M. Voorhees, former governor of New Jersey, told this story on a distinguished Virginian:

The son of the Old Dominion had been out with the boys. As he softly opened the hall door the melodious voice of his better half greeted him with the query:

"What time is it?"

"It is early, my dear," responded the Virginian.

"How can you say so," exclaimed his spouse, "when the clock has just struck two?"

"All right," said the Virginian, his voice indicating virtuous indignation. "All right! If you choose to take the word of a d—d Yankee clock against that of a Virginian gentleman you may do so; but I have my opinion of you!"

## WOES OF A STAGE MANAGER.

"While we all felt that we had troubles of our own in the recent disastrous production of 'Bird Center,' in New York," said George Richards, who had a leading part in the play, "the stage manager's troubles eclipsed all the rest. Everything seemed to go wrong for him."

"One of the many slips that happened was when the piano heirloom, fifty years in the family was brought out. It proved to be a new upright of the most modern style. Then, in making the Welsh rabbit with baking powder it was supposed to swell up and lift the lid. To get this effect a cream colored toy rubber balloon was to be used and blown up at the proper moment. They could only find red balloons, and so for the first time in the history of cooking a red Welsh rabbit was evolved from the chafing dish."

"Then water would not come from the pump; but, to crown all, when the brandy was poured into the glasses (it was really ginger ale and had become warm) it foamed up. Imagine foaming brandy! After that we lost all hope."

## NO LONGER HER DOG.

Blonde Woman Had Forever Lost Claim on "Goldie."

A big blonde woman descended viciously upon a less pretentious but determined woman she met walking in Park avenue, holding a handsome setter dog by a leather leash.

"What are you doing with my dog?" she shouted. "Come here, Goldie."

Goldie established ownership by appearing overjoyed at the meeting.

"It may have been your dog once," retorted the little woman, "but it has been mine for four weeks."

From a wrist-bag she took a document signed by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledging the receipt of \$3 and giving her ownership of the dog. Cards were exchanged, and the case was subsequently investigated by an attorney representing the blonde woman. But she had to give up her dog.

It appeared the woman who was leading the dog found him wandering on the street. He was not regularly licensed and had no collar. She advertised once for the owner and then took the dog to the Animal Shelter. She was told that all lost dogs were killed there if not claimed within forty-eight hours. She asked to be notified by telephone if the dog was claimed within that time. If not, she would pay the usual fee and take him away. No owner appeared and she got the dog. Goldie was lost to the blonde woman forever.—New York Press.

## Duchess Is Dog Fancier.

The duchess of Manchester, formerly Miss Zimmerman of Cincinnati, is spending large sums on her pet dogs, and now has taken up the fad of having her pets manured several times a day.

## Opium Smoking in French Ports.

Opium smoking has reached immense proportions in the French ports on the Mediterranean sea. Laws have been passed in Marseilles and Toulon forbidding the "ribbling of pills" in public places in those cities.

## Animals Feel Coming Winter

Of course, the pine squirrel always gathers bedding in the fall, but it is his manner of doing it that constitutes a sign. If you have frequented the woods enough to claim an acquaintance with the squirrels you can easily detect whether they are making an elaborate and hurried preparation—a sign of a cold and early winter—or slowly and listlessly preparing their winter beds, which is regarded as a sign of a mild or "open" winter.

When in the early fall nearly every squirrel you meet is carrying a big bundle of the fibers of cedar bark for bedding, and is working with an energy that seems to show that he feels he will very shortly need every scrap he can get together to keep himself warm, then, as my old hunter remarked, "the pine squirrel says we are going to have early snow and lots of it, and a cold, hard winter."

But if, on the other hand, he gathers his bedding slowly and a little at a time, just as he feels the need of it, and seems to say by his manner: "Last night I slept a little chilly; guess I had better have another coverlet"; that is understood to be a sign of a moderate winter.

After the pine squirrel, the partridge, or ruffed grouse, is honored as a weather prophet. When in the fall the hollow boom of the partridge's drumming is heard in the thicket bordering on the clearings, the woods-wise old-timers will tell you it is a sign that tells of a mild winter, or at least a long, warm fall season. The partridge is drumming, they say, because he is happy, and he is happy because he knows it is going to be a mild winter. If you find a partridge with feathers on his legs and feet it is a sign of a severe winter. The inference is that the wise partridge, knowing it would be cold, ordered a pair of leggings along with his winter suit. My chief objection to this sign is that so few get the information in time to get their leggings. Partridges with barefeathered feet are always very rare, and the rest of the poor things must suffer with cold shanks.

The woods rabbit is also considered a weather-wise fellow. One of his chief protections against his keenest enemies is the harmonious changing of the color of his coat. In summer he is dead-leaf brown; in winter he is almost snow-white. But if, when the first early snow covers the ground, the rabbit is observed still clothed in brown, or wearing a coat of mixed brown and white, the observer believes that the snow will soon melt away and leave bare ground. And when the rabbit appears in white in early fall it is considered a sign of a deep and lasting fall of snow, and that very soon.

For some the loon foretells the coming of winter. An old trapper once said to me: "When the loon leaves its time to be ready for winter." The loon loves so well his summer haunts in the northern inland waters that he delays his trip south until the last moment. The mercury may take a sudden drop; snow may fall in blinding clouds; but if through the whirling, spectral whiteness the wild, tremulous call of the loon comes to your ears be assured that the storm will not be severe. Before the icy grip of winter closes in earnest over forest and lake, the knowing loon will be well away on his journey toward the south.

Another sign to which trappers pay attention is the fall house-building of the beaver and the muskrat. These two fur-bearing animals, although differing widely in structure and habits, build themselves winter quarters quite similar in material and construction. On the edge of their favorite stream they construct a mound of mud and sedge, with chambers in the center, in which, when the ground is frozen solid, the occupants are almost as secure as if they were incased in a block of granite. When these winter houses are especially large, denoting an unusual thickness of the outer walls, it is said to be a sign of a hard winter, the builders having made their wall extra thick to keep out the cold. If the houses are built on higher ground than usual, and farther away from the water's edge, it is taken as a sign that there will be extraordinarily high water the following spring.

Still another sign which old hunters often mention concerns insects instead of animals. When the hornets' nest hangs high in the bush they say it is going to be a severe winter, for the hornets have hung their nest so high to keep it above the snow. When the nest hangs low it will be an open winter. I can vouch for this sign going wrong once. A cold, rough winter followed a fall when I noticed that the hornets' nest hung low.

Indeed, the signs are not always failible. Once I asked a man locally famous for his experience and woodcraft his opinion of the approaching winter, and all his predictions proved to be faulty. The next spring when I took him to task he replied that during his long experience he had observed that there were occasional seasons when all signs failed.

But although the signs may sometimes go wrong, there is plenty of evidence seeming to prove that the animals are to a certain extent conscious of future weather conditions, and that they make their plans and live their lives accordingly.—Saturday Evening Post.

## American Engine for British Road.

The directors of the Great Western railway (England) are about to introduce an American engine for their long-distance expresses.

## BARGAINS IN HEARTS.

Dan Cupid is a merchant bold. Who deals in human hearts. He has them all, both young and old. Some whole and some in parts. The damaged ones he keeps in stock—Of course, I mean the males—And all the thrifty maidens flock To Cupid's bargain sales.

But Cupid doesn't guarantee a heart. For lots of them are damaged by his dart. And that is why we all agree That marriage is a lottery; For Cupid doesn't guarantee a heart.

Dan Cupid doesn't advertise His bargain sale of hearts, But every maiden there who buys Most gleefully departs; And if a heart is broken when She gets it home, you see, She straightway takes it back again, And wants a guarantee.

But Cupid doesn't guarantee a heart. For lots of them are damaged by his dart. And that is why we all agree That marriage is a lottery; For Cupid doesn't guarantee a heart. —Philadelphia Record.

## Decision of the Professor

"I'm thoroughly upset," said Lady Emily, after refusing to dance with me (I am only a brother). "I know I look horrid to-night."

"O, just as usual," I remarked, cheerfully, meaning well.

But Emily, frowning, evidently looked on the dark side of my remark.

"I mean," I hastened to add, "you are beautiful as ever."

"O!" said Emily.

(In this connection, having regard to a brother's well-known reticence on the subject of his sister's appearance, it must be considered fortunate that the literary instincts of Lady Emily expressed themselves at an early age in the form of autobiography. Written in a school exercise book, in the enormous handwriting she still practices, it supplies us with valuable information. "My name is Emily, and I shall be pretty when I'm grown up." So the document began, and, although it extended to nearly two pages before the authoress wearied of her task, we need quote no more.)

The cause of Lady Emily's unhappiness is easily explained. We had come up from the country that morning, and on our journey to the station by motor car—Emily as chauffeur—we had collided with a little nursery cart, and, cognizant of a ditch, had observed how a mother and a child rested in it, and how two other children lodged in the roadside hedge, too well bumped to howl.

There was no real damage done; a wheel had gone into the ditch, and the little cart, tilting sharply, had thrown out its occupants. I quieted the pony. Emily soothed the children; then we took them all back to their home.

They had intended to catch the train to town, but the accident had so unsettled Mrs. Jocelyn (we knew her for a neighbor), and the baby having been much shaken, she decided to return home.

Our apologies were but grudgingly accepted; days must elapse before baby would have recovered sufficiently from the shock to travel, and they were to have spent that night at a dear friend's, with other delightful visits to follow. The disappointment was bitter.

Emily and I were very silent on our journey toward, retreating behind voluminous newspapers, our hearts filled with vain regrets.

But my sister's sorrow was, I learned, even greater than mine, for Mrs. Jocelyn's brother was none other than a certain eminent professor, a mine of scientific knowledge, who, dear man, had promised to deliver a lecture, without fee, at a bazaar my sister was promoting in aid of—she could not recall at the moment what it was in aid of, but everybody was helping.

He had not consented without protracted persuasion, and then would only promise for the first day. But now that Emily had upset his sister and scattered his nephews and nieces would he not be offended and refuse to come at all? The prospect was terrible. Emily was very sad.

It is often difficult to decide at once whether the development of an awkward situation be favorable or but added misfortune. I was resting from my labors in the dance, when Lady Anastasia approached me and sank into a chair at my side.

She was plainly excited—indeed, she told me her nervous system was shattered; nothing could save her but an immediate ice. She had been talking to a dreadful person in spectacles; she thought he might be a man, people said he was a professor.

"I had pitied the poor man; he seemed to know no one, and I tried to amuse him, and—O, John!"—he told me life was a product of combustion and bridge was a waste of time!"

I urged her to take some ice cream, and with it she grew calmer.

"Life a product of—it seems almost indelicate, John. But he got worse. I was eating an ice, just as I am now, only it was a pink one, and he snapped at me that sudden cold applied to a heated body—and you know I never look hot—he said it was tempting providence, as if I were Eve or Cleopatra, or some one like that; and as soon as I could think of an excuse I got up and ran—literally ran, John!"

"Dreadful!" I murmured.

"But there's dear Mrs. Bath Villiers—I must tell her all about it, she's so easily shocked. She's never got over the loss of her husband, you know. And he wasn't a good man, either. But women are so foolish when they love, aren't they, John?"

I shook my head mournfully.

"She writes poetry now Villiers is gone, and I think she'll marry again." "Everything points to it," I agreed. "Of course, time softens the bitter-

est blow, but she's so sensitive. It must be terrible to be a poet. The world is so hard, so coarse and unfeeling. She told me she longed to dwell in the land whence the rain-bow springs—so lovely, I thought it!—she's just moved into Portland square, you know—and I'm sure Sir Thomas means something, he's so attentive. He's looking for her now, so I must fly if I want to get even one little word with her. Forgive me for running away, John."

I had early recognized, with wonder at fate's contriving, Emily's professor in the monster from whom Anastasia had fled. He was, I knew, an occasional guest at the house, but it was not his custom to attend dances. He did not dance; he must have been pressed to come in order to meet Emily. Alas, poor Emily!

It was not long before I discovered the professor seated in a corner, shaded by palms, near the refreshments, and with no other than my sister herself as a companion. I withdrew discreetly; I am confident I was justified in feeling no direct interest in the matter between them.

But presently my sister approached me.

"You have told him?" I asked.

"No," said Emily. "You must."

"But—"

"Think of my lecture. It will be better for you to explain than Mrs. Jocelyn. She'll pile it on. Better do it now, Johnnie."

"You must come with me, then."

"Shall I hold your hand?" asked my sister, scornfully.

"Better hold the professor's," said I.

In the conversation that followed Emily led, and I must express admiration at her deftness in working up to the final catastrophe.

She began by expatiating on the advance of science; extolling above all others the men who studied it; describing them as the great of mankind. Her words charmed the professor, himself one of these wonders of the age, softening his heart, sinking in as butter into toast.

Science suggested motor cars, the immense strides made in locomotion in the last few years, due to the great thinkers, the master-minds—men like the professor. The nervous, timid, unruly horse (a description emphasized for its subtle suggestion) must soon be cast aside.

Then she grew enthusiastic on the pleasures of motoring—the delight of country touring, but, above all, the exhilaration of speed.

"It makes you feel," she exclaimed, "how grand it is to be alive!"

(At this I nodded. I had often felt how grand it was to be alive—when Emily had just turned a corner.)

At last she began to describe the incident of the morning, touching it lightly, but carefully avoiding any appearance of want of sympathy. I grew nervous as the inevitable explanation came nearer and the victims would be named. How would the professor take it, even with such admirable preparation?

"We were so very, very sorry about it," continued Emily. "More so than ever when we found that dear Mrs. Jocelyn and her children were in the carriage."

"Eh! What! Annie?" exclaimed the professor.

A wave of emotion passed over his face. He rose as if to leave us.

"They were coming to-morrow to step with me for a week," he said.

I gasped. I heard Emily gasp.

"And the baby was with them?" he asked.

"Yes," sighed my sister.

The professor was silent. Presently Emily, evidently finding suspense intolerable, came to the point.

"You will come—just for the first day—won't you, professor?" she asked, tearfully.

"I think, under the circumstances—" he began slowly. Emily looked unutterably woe.

"That is to say, the cause is so admirable—"

Emily brightened.

"I believe I might manage—"

Emily triumphantly waved her ice spoon.

"Both days," said the professor.—Sketch.

## FOOD VALUE OF OYSTERS.

Easily Digestible and Contain Many Important Substances.

Interesting experiments made in the Lancet laboratory show the great digestibility of the oyster, says the New York World. When the oyster was crushed and placed in cold water about half of the solid matter was dissolved. When the oyster was placed uncrushed in the same medium one-fourth of its solid matter was dissolved. It is believed that if the oyster be chewed more than half of it is dissolved in the mouth.

Cold water appears to be the best thing to drink with oysters. But chablis is very good, dissolving 38 per cent of the solid matter of the oyster.

What are the solids in the oyster? They are the protids corresponding to the lean of meat or the white of an egg, fat, starchy matters and glycogen. This last means the substance which the liver manufactures for future use. It is very like sugar, and when wanted for use is changed into sugar. It is the substance which makes the oyster sweet in the mouth.

But there are other valuable constituents of the oyster—what are called the glyco-phosphoric compounds. Medical men prescribe these for improving the nervous system, is that a diet of oysters is unquestionably good for the nerves. They also contain common salt, a little copper and several phosphates. And taking the whole contents of the oyster shell one finds almost everything necessary for the food of the body.



# SCIENCE and INVENTION

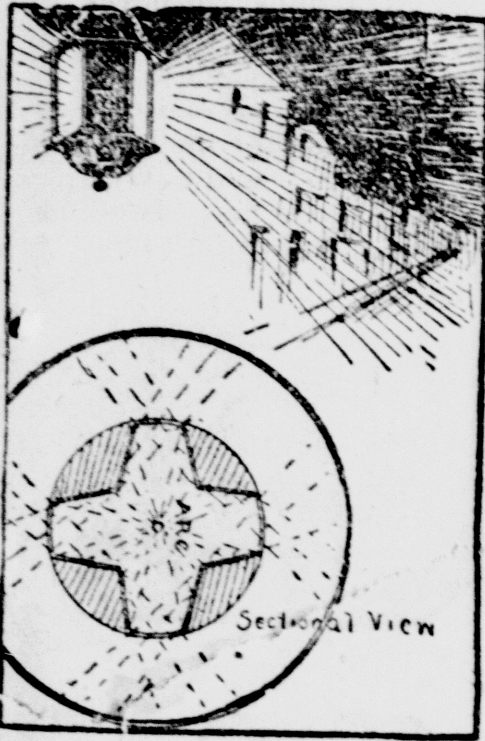
## Curability of Tuberculosis.

The sanatoria, better than anything else, have demonstrated the absolute curability of tuberculosis, particularly when treated in the early stages, writes Dr. S. A. Knopf in the World's Work. Some of them report as many as 75 per cent of cures, the great majority of which are lasting, as careful inquiry among the discharged patients constantly proves. Even more remarkable results are obtained in the treatment of scrofulous and tuberculous children in special sanatoria located along the seacoast. In Europe, particularly in France, Holland and Germany, there are along the seacoasts numerous splendidly equipped sanatoria for that purpose. In the United States we have thus far virtually none of these class of institutions; I am, however, pleased to state that the New York Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor contemplates establishing such a one.

## Arc-Light Distributor.

The operation of the arc light has been lately improved by the use of what is called a distributor, which changes the appearance of the lamp entirely. The use of prisms is now largely resorted to as a means of directing light rays to dark corners and places remote from windows and other sources of illumination. Prisms are made use of in the arc light distributor for the purpose of concentrating the light in certain directions where most desired without completely shutting them off from the other quarters.

The arc light distributor is especially designed for street illumination and particularly for the intersections of streets. It consists of four panels of plain glass and four prisms, and it will



be easily seen from the cuts how these may be arranged to the end that the rays will be more generously directed up and down the streets. The direct rays from the light are allowed to shine through the panels of plain glass and are augmented by the rays reflected by the prisms. In this manner it is said to be possible to illuminate the streets with fewer lights.

## Cement for China.

The following formula is given for making the well-known cement of Pompeii, or universal cement: Dissolve eight ounces of sugar in twenty-four ounces of water, in a glass flask on a water bath, and to the thin syrup add two ounces of slaked lime; keep the mixture at temperature of about 70 to 75 degrees Centigrade (158 to 167 Fahr.), for three days, shaking frequently, then cool and decant the clear liquid. Dilute six and a half ounces of this liquor with as much water, and in the mixture steep sixteen ounces of fine gelatine for three hours after beating to effect solution. Finally, add to the mixture an ounce and a half of glacial acetic acid and fifteen grains pure carbolic acid. One of the strongest and most easily prepared cements for mending is lime and white of an egg. To use it, take a sufficient quantity of the white egg to mend one article at a time, shave off a quantity of lime and mix thoroughly. Apply quickly to the edges and place firmly together, when the article will soon become set and strong. Mix but a small quantity at a time, as it hardens very soon, so that it cannot be used. Calced plaster of Paris answers as well as lime.

## Electricity in the Household.

Of electric cooking apparatus there are now in use innumerable devices, such as portable stoves, saucepans, tea kettles, blazers, boilers, broilers, coffee pots, electric ovens, griddle-cookers, waffle irons and water urns. And outside the list of kitchen utensils, but also useful in the household, are such devices as ship-board warmers, immersion coil heaters which may be inserted in any kind of a vessel and used for heating liquids.

Electric heating pads for the application of heat to the human body are a great improvement over the hot-water bottle. In the "electrotherm" heating units are covered with soft lamb's wool and as high a temperature as 180 degrees Fahrenheit may be maintained.

Electric curling irons for the lady traveler are a dainty toilet accessory. More than fifty thousand of the appliances are now in use. They draw their energy from an incandescent lamp.

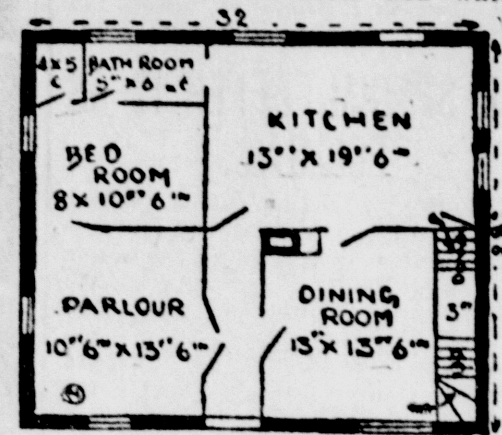
Cigar lighters, which use the current only while the cigar is being lit, is another unique adaptation of the electric unit. Pressing the button, the current strikes a little arc between two carbons.

## FOR EIGHT ROOM COTTAGE.

Design Showing Comfortable and Commodious Residence.

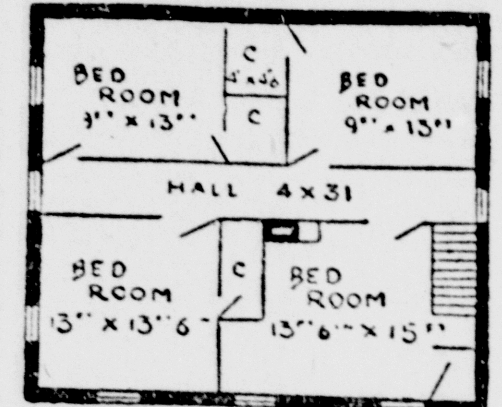
Please publish a plan of an eight-room cottage 28x32 feet, having a bath room on the first floor and a closet off each bedroom.

The accompanying floor plans provide the desired rooms. The ground floor plan provides for parlor, dining room, kitchen, bed room and water closet.



Ground Floor Plan.

closet. If desired a doorway may be made between the kitchen and bedroom. The stairway may go up off the dining room as shown, or off the front hall, if desired. The chimney starts from the cellar floor and may be made to answer for the entire house. The stairway to the cellar is



Upper Floor Plan.

off the kitchen and under the front stairs. The upper story provides hall, four bedrooms and a closet off each.

## Pump Construction.

W. J. D.—How should a pump be built in order to work easily and rapidly? Does it make any difference whether the cylinder is placed near the top, the bottom or midway between? Should the pipe be swollen or larger below the cylinder, or should it be the same both above and below?

In the construction of a pump the larger the pipe throughout the greater will be the flow, provided you have power enough. The larger pipe above the cylinder makes it easier to work on account of reducing friction. The larger pipe below the cylinder will admit the water faster, but if it admits the water as fast as the pump above can carry it away, there is nothing to be gained in increasing its size. Therefore, the need for a larger pipe below depends on the amount of power applied, and can be determined only by experiment. If the pump does not deliver fast enough, and works easily, that means that there is more power available than is required, and, therefore, the larger pipe above the cylinder, and possibly below, is necessary in order to secure a greater flow of water.

The position of the cylinder does not materially affect the rate of flow or the ease of working. The cylinder must not be more than twenty-five feet, or thereabouts, above the level of the water.

## Bricks, Etc., for a Cottage.

W. P.—How many bricks would be required for a cottage 22 by 26 feet and 17 feet high, having four doors and nine windows of the usual size? The wall would be of double brick. How many more would be needed if a bay window were built, and what is the usual size for a cottage of the dimensions given? How much run should the stairs have to rise nine feet? How many square feet would be in the roof and how many feet of rafter would be required?

It will require 18,875 bricks for this dwelling. A bay window would cost about \$35, that is, a square one having four windows, one on each end and two in the center. The size of window would be governed by the size of the house, and the room in which it would be placed. Three and one-half by nine feet is a very good size for a window. It would require eight squares of shingles and fourteen sets of rafters, setting them at two feet centers.

## Wiggletails in Well.

L. M. W.—How can I keep wiggletails out of my well? It is dug in a hard pan or cement formation, and not near any cesspool of any kind. One of my neighbors dug a well in like formation and within sixty days it was infested with them. Please give origin and life of the wiggletail.

I am not quite sure what you mean by wiggletails. There is no insect known to me to which this name properly applies, although I think it possible that you may mean the larvae of mosquitoes. There are a great many kinds of mosquitoes and these vary considerably in their habits, but all lay their eggs in water and have larvae which lash their tail from side to side when swimming, and for the most part they may be described as long slender insects about a quarter of an inch in length, dark brown in color and with tufts of hair down the sides. These may be found in spring in enormous numbers in fresh water ponds and other bodies of stagnant water. It is not likely that any insect in your well has come from a cesspool, because the insects which live in filthy water are quite different from those that live in clean water even though this may be stagnant.—J. F.

## BRAINS SAID TO BE INHERITED.

Not Merely Their Quality but Their Form Handled on From Parents.

The inheritance of bodily characteristics, both by man and the lower animals, is too well known to need comment, says Collier's Weekly. In the same way we are accustomed to think of mental attributes as being more or less hereditary. From a priori consideration we have every reason to expect that the organ which is the physical basis of the mental faculties, the brain, should show in its structure the influence of heredity. It has rarely happened, however, that any comparative study of the brain structures of near relatives has been possible.

A peculiarly fine opportunity for such observations was afforded when the brains of three brothers were given to a competent observer for examination. The brains were those of Willis, Burton and Fred Van Wormer, all of whom were executed in New York state. All three brains showed marked similarity in general form, differing chiefly in the matter of size. Some unusual features were present in all three; one characteristic in particular, which is of great rarity, occurred in all three. These facts lend much support to the idea that peculiarities of brain structure are inherited as well as peculiarities of face and figure. In the case of these three brothers no attempt was made to associate the configuration of the brain with the nature of the crimes of the men.

## PESTS OF CITY STREETS.

Beggars With Sham Afflictions Are Nothing New.

Beggars who feign diseases are no new thing in the streets of London. They existed in Charles II's time, only then the beggar was called a "ruffler," a "huff" or a "shabbaroon." If he was deaf and dumb he was called a "dum-mer." The woman who sung hymns and led borrowed children by the hand was called a "clapperdozen." Vagrancy is no new thing, though it practically did not exist in mediaeval times. It was when the cities ceased to be confined within their own walls, and long before the days of policemen, that the people get beyond the control of the aldermen and their officers and vagrancy became a regular profession. The first English law against beggars was made by Henry VIII, who gave licenses to beg to the old and impotent and ordered that all other beggars should be whipped and sent back to their parishes.

## Song of a Boat.

A song of a boat—  
There was once a boat on a billow:  
Lightly she rocked to her port remote,  
And the foam was white in her wake  
Like snow.  
And her trail must bowed when the  
breeze would blow.  
And bent like a wand of willow.  
I shaded mine eyes one day when a  
boat  
Went curving over the billow.  
I marked her course till a dancing mote,  
She faded out on the moonlit foam.  
And I stayed behind in the gear-loved  
home.  
And my thoughts all day were about the  
boat.  
And my dreams upon the pillow.  
I pray you hear my song of a boat  
For it is but short.  
My boat you shall find none fairer afloat.  
In river or port.  
Long I looked out for the lad she bore,  
On the open desolate seas,  
And I think he sailed to the heavenly  
shore.  
For he came not back to me—  
Ah me!  
—Jean Ingelow.

## Simla Is Becoming Moral.

This lament is from the Allahabad Pioneer: A painful impression is gaining ground that Simla is not what it was. Visitors are continually being heard to ask, Where are the flirtations, the frisky grass widows, the steady bachelors, the racy scandals—where, in short, is the joy of life that once made this spot the most delectable in the East? In those gay days bright eyes earned more appointments than long service, a bon mot was even a surer pass to distinction than a relative in the India office. We, who remember how the verb to frivel was specially invented for Simla, sigh as we recall those salad days.

## Overreached Himself.

A worthy dame of Dundee, Scotland, in order to keep down her gas account was in the habit of blowing down the pipes, thus reversing the hands of the registering dial of the meter. All went well until a new inspector came. After examining the meter, he ciphered long and earnestly. At length the old lady anxiously exclaimed, "Am no' tae hae a big account this time, am I?" "No, mem," said the inspector, "it's the other way about. The company's own' you tuppence. You have surely been blowing verra hard this time."

## Scaring Burglars.

"I was away from home for three days last week. One night my wife heard burglars—the same burglars that she has been hearing ever since we were married. 'I'll make them think there's a man in the house,' she decided. So she put on a pair of my shoes and tramped about on the hardwood floors for any hour to scare them away. My wife is a diplomat."

## Crosses on Beer Barrels.

Beer barrels are invariably marked with a series of crosses, which nowadays denote the quality of the beer contained in the cask. These crosses were originally put on by the monks, who then made all the malt liquors, as a sort of trade mark. The crosses were not of the same shape as now shown, but were more akin to the shape of a crucifix, and were intended to show that by "their oath sworn on the cross" the beer supplied was of a fit and drinkable condition.

## GETS HER MONEY'S WORTH.

Woman Sends a Peculiar Message to Her Absent Husband.

Mrs. Lane was young and inexperienced, but certain principles of economy had been instilled into her from childhood. She knew that since one could send ten words in a telegram for 25 cents and any smaller number cost the same amount it was an obvious waste of money to send less than the ten. She had also been taught by her eminently practical husband that in sending a telegram one should "keep to the matter in hand" and avoid all confusion of words. On the occasion of Mr. Lane's first absence from home he sent a telegram from Chicago saying: "Are you all right? Answer, Blank hotel, Chicago." Mrs. Lane knew she must be wise, economical and speedy for Mr. Lane was making a flying trip and had told her he could not plan on his whereabouts long enough ahead to have a letter sent. She spent a few moments in agitated thought and then proudly wrote the following message: "Yes, yes, yes, I am very well indeed, thank you."—Youth's Companion.

## TRIBAL CUSTOM OF SIOUX.

Son-in-Law Rarely Has Speech With His Wife's Mother.

From the Missouri to the Big Horn 4,500 square miles testify that there is no wife like the Sioux woman, because there is no mother-in-law like the Sioux mother-in-law. This is why many a ranger argues that the Sioux tribe will be assimilated by the whites. Facts confirm this prediction, for reports from the reservations are that more than 200 Indian maidens became the wives of whites in the last year.

A. J. Callander, one of the squaw men and proprietor of a large ranch, declares that he would not trade the dusky woman who presides over his household for any white woman he has seen.

"It is one of the oldest customs of the Sioux Indians," he says, "that the son-in-law shall not look on the face of his mother-in-law or communicate with her more than is absolutely necessary. The custom is probably the outgrowth of family brawls arising from their crude way of living, huddled together in tepee and wigwam. At all events it is an inviolable rule."

## Vicissitudes of Language.

Some people believe that English will one day be the universal language and look upon the report that the empress dowager of China has undertaken to learn English in her old age as another proof of this. English has had some remarkable ups and downs in its own home. For 300 years it was suppressed—from the Norman conquest on to 1362, when it was introduced as the language of the law. When the house of Hanover was installed it was anticipated that there would be another suppression of the English tongue. The wife of George II's eldest son could not speak English, and it was suggested that she should be taught. "That is unnecessary," said her mother, "the house of Hanover having been above twenty years on the throne, to be sure most people speak German as often and as well as English."

## To a Sea-Bird.

Sauntering hither on listless wings,  
Careless vagabond of the sea,  
Little thou hearest the surf that sings,  
The bar that thunders, the shale that  
rings—  
Give me to keep thy company.  
Little thou hast, old friend, that's new;  
Storms and wrecks are old things to  
thee;  
Sick am I of these changes too;  
Little to care for, little to rue—  
I on the shore, and thou on the sea.  
All of thy wanderings, far and near,  
Bring thee at last to shore and near;  
All of my journeyings end them here;  
This our tether must be our cheer—  
I on the shore, and thou on the sea.  
Lazily rocking on ocean's breast,  
Something in common, old friend, have  
we;  
Thou on the shingle seekest thy nest,  
I on the waters look for rest—  
I on the shore, and thou on the sea.  
—Bret Harte.

## Child Torture.

The British National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has a remarkable museum where, within a glass case, is a collection of implements of torture. Straps of every description are there, sticks, clubs and ropes, with the knots still in them, that once held childish wrists fast. There are also twisted books, bamboo canes and a chain with a padlock by which an imbecile child was for years fastened to a post. Hanging by itself is a straw basket two feet long and a foot deep in which twins were found on a baby farm.

## Scotch Logic.

"Weel, John, how are you to-day?" asked the Scottish minister. "Gey weel, sir; gey weel," replied John cautiously, "gin it wasna for the rheumatism in the right leg." "Ah, John, there is no mistake you are getting old like the rest of us, and old age doesn't come alone." "Auld age, sir!" returned John. "I woen't to hear ye. Auld age has naething tae dae wi't. Here's myither leg jist as auld, an' it's soond and soople yet."

## The Kicker's Kick.

This would be a funny place if built upon a plan that suited kickers everywhere—woman, child and man. It would be a crooked, bulging, sadly out-of-line affair, and we would do a lot of things that now we do not dare; we'd knock the stuffin' out of this, change that all about—we'd turn some things upside down and others inside out; and when we got it fixed to suit there'd be an awful row—and it's a cinch that folks would kick lots worse than they do now.

# Danger in Health Fads

"There are people," said La Rochefoucauld, "who would never have been in love had they never heard talk of it."

There are people, too, undoubtedly, who would never—or "hardly ever"—be out of health if they thought less about the matter, for it is just as possible to take too much care of the health as too little, and it probably is every bit as mischievous.

We have all heard of the "green-eyed monster" jealousy, who "makes the food he feeds on." The health worrier does much the same. He or she broods so mournfully over some little symptom or ailment that depression of spirits results, and depression is a fruitful parent of both mental and physical ills.

A medical writer of eminence said lately that he "never knew a strict dietarian who did not after a time become a confirmed dyspeptic."

People who are afraid to open their windows lest a draft should give them neuralgia, who are afraid to go out if there is a little rain, or a little wind, or a little cold, because they are "so delicate," infallibly become more so,

and in time make themselves as sensitive as hot house plants.

There are, of course, certain general rules of health which every one should understand and comply with if they wish to avoid illness, such as the danger of breathing impure air in unventilated rooms, of drinking impure water, contracting chills, eating and drinking too much, and so forth.

This knowledge, however, need not turn the care of the health into a bugbear. We can make a "fad" of our health as of any other useful thing. We can grow monomaniacal on the value of fresh air or woolen underclothing, and the mischief of our mania is not the harm we do ourselves as much as the damage we do others in turning them against the object of our fad.

Take the wearing of wool, for instance. Have not many people been resolutely set against it by those faddists who persist in wearing their flannel shirts ostentatiously and who maintain that their hygienic value is destroyed if their hideousness is softened by wearing linen collars and cuffs with them?—Queen.

# Few Friends in City

"While in New York this time," said the man from Alabama, "I have observed one habit of certain people I met that impressed me as being very peculiar and also rather pathetic. I heard several persons actually count the number of people they knew in the whole town. To a man hailing from a section of the country where acquaintances are counted by the hundreds instead of the tens, that method of census taking seemed a tremendous business. With us it would be an impossible task to sit down and make a list of the people with whom we have a speaking acquaintance. Up here it is no trick at all. A cousin of mine who moved North two years ago was the first person I saw perform the stunt."

"Would you believe," she said, "that although I have lived in New York all this time, there are only 102 people in town to whom I could speak if I met them in the street without taking chances of being arrested as an officious stranger."

"I laughed at her. 'How in the world,' said I, 'did you happen to get your calling list down to such a fine point?'"

"This is not my calling list," said she. "That consists of only six names. The 102 are just acquaintances, and include the janitor, my washerwoman and the boy named Willie down in the grocery."

"Her admission struck me as really pitiful. 'Why don't you branch out?' I asked."

"Branch out?" she cried. "Oh, my dear man, if you had lived in New York for a while you wouldn't say anything about branching out. Besides, I am not alone in my desolation. There are lots of other folks in this town in the same fix, only worse. They couldn't get up to the hundred mark to save their lives."

"Later I found that she was right, but, although the habit of counting one's acquaintances is common enough, I still think it strange and decidedly touching."—New York Herald.

# After Clash of Battle

"The day's fighting was finished, but not the day's work, nor the day's drudgery, nor the day's misery," says Frederick Palmer, in his book, "With Kuroki in Manchuria," of one of the actions of the First army. "The wounded were yet to be brought in, and the dead and the fuel to burn them collected by weary limbs. The plunging fire of the Russians against their foe, struggling through the rough fields and over rougher, untitled slopes, had caused the division 600 casualties, including the death of a colonel."

"Late in the afternoon a deluge of rain washed the blood off the grass. The flood of water turned dry beds into dashing rivulets. The flood of slaughter, also settling toward the valley, passed on by the single hospital tent—already congested at daybreak from the night attack—into the village, whose population was crowded into a few houses in order that the wounded might be crowded into others."

Through every doorway you caught a glimpse of prostrate figures and of white bandages with red spots which made them like wrapped flags of Japan.

"Dripping hospital corps men brought in dripping burdens covered with blankets or with the maling in which the rice and horse fodder of the army are transported. When darkness came the lanterns of the searchers twinkled in and out of the hillside. Dawn found them still at work collecting stray Russian wounded, who had lain suffering all night in the rain for \$1.50 a year and the glory which the Czar's service brings them. In the bushes, in the declivities between the rocks of many square acres—could every fallen man be gathered? How many cries coming faintly from feverish dry lips and finally dying into a swoon were unanswered? At some future time, when a Chinese peasant stumbles over a set of bones, the world will not be the wiser."

# Thought the City Tame

It was at a dinner party, and the hostess, coming up to her best friend, whispered in her ear: "Would you mind saying just a tiny word to her by and by? She doesn't know a soul, and the women are so horrid to strangers."

The stranger indicated was inconveniently in town from Snakeville, Ore, and being a distant relative, had to be crushed in at the dinner, under protest, at the last moment.

The hostess' friend good naturedly promised to devote herself after dinner to the Snakeville widow. But the fair unknown did not meet her advances with the embarrassed delight which such civilities should have commanded. "It's awfully hot in this parlor!" was her first greeting, in a tone in which there lurked a certain combative quality. By and by the conversation steered around to travel.

"Have you traveled much?" asked the hostess' friend suavely.

"Oh, I've been everywhere. Went around the world with my brother, who was engineering. Why, it was in Russia that I met the Colonel." (The "Colonel" was evidently her dead lord.) "Yes," she went on, "we got engaged at Tsarkoe Selo, in the grotto they call Caprice."

This was unusual, romantic, and the New York woman said so. "Ah!" sighed the woman from Snakeville, "yes! it was romantic. There's been a lot of that in my life. When a body's traveled round and been on the plains and army posts and hunting buffaloes, a place like your New York seems awfully tame. I kind of pity you all here!"

The woman agreed that we were, in fact, very tame—chimney sparrows, house flies, hopping about, tepid and insignificant, in search of entertainment.—New York Press.

# "Pa Et Tabasco Sauce"

When pa first et tabasco sauce—I'm smiling 'bout it yet. Although his subsecent remarks I always shall regret. We'd come to town to see the sights, and pa remarked to me, 'We'll eat at a long-tong hotel an' sling some stein,' says he. An' then he sort of cast his eye among the plates an' all. An' says, 'That ketchup mus' be good, the bottle is so small.' An' then he took a piece o' meat and covered it quite thick. When pa first et tabasco sauce and rose to make his kick. It all comes back so plain to me, I reollect it well. He just was talkin' mild and calm, an' then he gave a yell. An' tried to cave the ceilin' by buttin' with his head. 'Er-hoo! er-hoo! Fire! Murder! Hoo!' I can't tell all he said.

But when they heard his heated words, six women left the room. An' said such language filled their souls with shame, an' also gloom; But pa, he only gurgled some, and then he yelled again. When first he et tabasco sauce an' told about it then. We laid him out upon a board an' fanned him quite a while. An' pa, he sort of gasped at first, an' then he tried to smile. An' says, 'Just heat a poker now, an' run it down my neck. I want to cool off gradual; it's better, he expect.' But when he'd got me out o' doors, he says, 'I want to get that there blame ketchup recipe, an' learn just how it's set. So I can try it on the boys when you an' ma git hum. Tll they, too, think the condiment is mixed with kingdom come.' —Boston Globe.

## This Up-to-Date King.

The King of Siam, who has just subscribed to the Sir Edwin Arnold memorial, is one of the most European of native rulers. He almost invariably wears the latest thing in frock coats and silk hats, while his military uniforms look as if they had been de-

signed at the war office. He speaks English better than most Englishmen, too, never using slang. He has visited and examined with a critical eye every civilized country, and from each he has taken something for his own land. He would cut a big figure in the peacock alley of the Waldorf.—New York Press.



# THE ADA EVENING NEWS.

OTIS B. WEAVER & CO., Publishers  
M. D. STEINER, Business Manager

Entered as second-class matter March 26, 1904, at the postoffice at Ada, Indian Territory, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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One Week . . . . . 10.  
One Month . . . . . 40.  
One Year . . . . . \$4.50

ADVERTISING RATES  
Made Known Upon Application.

Advertisements, to insure insertion, must reach this office not later than 10 a. m., on day of Publication.

If you have a friend visiting you, or other news that would please the public, send it in. Our phone is No. 4; use it.

Official - City - Paper

## LOCAL NEWS

Dr. Ligon is reported sick.

Joe Simpson of happy Bachelor Club fame is in Ada today.

Rev. Maddox's wife is reported quite sick.

R. W. Simpson's little girl is reported sick today.

J. W. Hayes and wife returned from a several week's visit with relatives in Mississippi.

Dr. C. S. Marr, of Ashdown, Ark., is in the city seeking a location.

J. E. Bills returned Monday evening from Paris, Texas, where he has been on business.

J. F. Bowers is expected home this evening from Sherman, Texas.

A. H. Chapman's little girl who has been quite sick for several days is reported no better.

John Melson returned Monday evening from a business trip to Sulphur.

Attorney L. C. Andrews went to Tishomingo Monday evening on business.

Mrs. C. Sturdevant and Mrs. Ida Stewart were in the city shopping today.

Mrs. J. A. Fulton and Miss Vera Fulton left this morning for their home at Sherman, Texas, after a pleasant visit with their relatives here.

J. H. Hutsel left this afternoon for his home at Guthrie, Okla., after a week's visit with his son, N. G. Hutsel, and family.

Attorney J. W. Dean returned Monday evening from a week's visit with relatives at Detroit, Texas.

C. H. McKendree, of Kansas City, who has been visiting his brother, E. H. McKendree, and family, returned to his home this morning.

M. M. Sanders returned Monday evening from a week's visit with his sons at Dallas and Sherman, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. John Broughton parents of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Broughton leave tonight for South McAlester, their home.

TOBIN'S

NEW GROCERY AND MEAT MARKET.

QUALITY  
Counts as well as  
PRICES.

We have  
THE BEST  
Of Everything.

Try Our  
Shredded Wheat Biscuits, Mackral, Grapes, Nuts, Pancake Flour and Maple Syrup.

R. S. Tobin.

## New Years

Has arrived, but we were here first—We have been here for some time and are still

## Selling Groceries

And giving as prompt service and extending the same courtesies as heretofore.

We thank you for your past patronage and solicit a continuance of the same. We are receiving

### New, Fresh Goods

Every day and can supply your every want.

## Jones & Meaders

W. J. Little and daughter, Irene, returned Monday evening from a week's visit with Mr. Little's mother, Mrs. M. J. Little, at Gainesville, Texas.

B. F. Jackson, of Trenton, Texas, who has been here visiting his uncle, J. F. Jackson, the past few days, will leave Wednesday for home.

Mrs. J. F. Shultz and daughter, as Guthrie, Okla., who have been visiting Mrs. Shultz's mother, Mrs. Olney, left for home this morning.

Bert Higgins, manager of the Stonehill News, was called to Ada Monday on account of the severe sickness of his mother, Mrs. Higgins, is reported improved today.

Mrs. Rena McNally called today and renewed her subscription to the News. Mrs. McNally said under no circumstances would she do without the paper.

One of ourselves, of the News force, Marvin L. Brown with his wife "Miss" Mattie and daughter Lavern were appreciative guests at a most splendid New Year's dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Chitwood.

### Married.

Mr. Harley Duke and Miss Viola McDowell were married Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at the bride's parents' home, a half mile east of the city.

Mr. Dukes is a prosperous farmer in that neighborhood and all their friends wish for them a happy and prosperous future.

See P. K. Smith for up to now photo work. 152 tf

I have enough military sets, brushes and combs to supply the town of Ada. Dr. Holley, 231-1f

More Dolls than anybody in town at the Crescent Drug store. 231 tf

An experienced nurse can be engaged at any time by calling at No. 114 East 17th Street. 248 6t Mrs. May Krons

Duncan & Henderson have just received a car of food and can supply your wants at once. 247 6t

Duncan & Henderson carry a full line of fresh staple groceries. They are courteous to their customers and would like a share of your patronage. 247 6t

"Down on the Farm" presented by the Lyceum Stock Co., is said to be exceedingly fine. They will be here Thursday, January 5. 250 tf

If you enjoy pastoral sayings and witty repartee you will be on the front row at the opera house next Thursday night when the Lyceum Stock Co. will play "Down on the Farm."

The Lyceum Stock Co., which will appear here three nights, commencing January 5, is said to be a strong combination. "Down on the Farm" will be the first bill and it is said the play is replete with funny sayings and bright wit. 250-tf

### Veterinary Surgeon.

Dr. E. N. Moses, Veterinary Surgeon, will be in Ada January 14 and will remain two days. He will examine all diseased horses free of charge. 37-2tw

D. H. Austin, who for several years has been connected with Reed & Harrison and later Geo. A. Harrison in the capacity of bookkeeper, will leave in a few days for Center, where he will be associated with B. F. Peck in the general merchandise line.

We are sorry to see Dave, as he is familiarly known, leave Ada. He is a good citizen and has many warm friends in Ada who are sorry to see him leave the city.

### Revolution Imminent

A sure sign of approaching revolt and serious trouble in your system is nervousness, sleeplessness, or stomach upsets. Electric Bitters will quickly dismember the troublesome causes. It never fails to tone the stomach, regulate the Kidneys and Bowels, stimulate the Liver, and clarify the blood. Run down systems benefit particularly and all the usual attending aches vanish under its searching and thorough effectiveness. Electric Bitters is only 50c, and that is returned if it don't give perfect satisfaction. Guaranteed by Clark Drug Co., and F. Z. Holley, Druggist.

### Ballard's Horehound Syrup

Immediately relieves hoarse, croupy cough, oppressed, rattling, rasping and difficult breathing. Henry C. Stearns, druggist, Shullsburg, Wis., writes, May 20, 1901: "I have been selling Ballard's Horehound Syrup for two years, and have never had a preparation that has given better satisfaction. I notice that when I sell a bottle, they come back for more. I can honestly recommend it." 25c, 50c and \$1.00 at Clark Drug Co.

### A Costly Mistake.

Blunders are sometimes very expensive. Occasionally life itself is the price of a mistake, but you'll never be wrong if you take Dr. King's New Life Pills for dyspepsia, dizziness, headache, liver or bowel troubles. They are gentle, yet thorough. 25c at Clark Drug Co. and F. Z. Holley drug store.

Try for Health

222 South Peoria St.,  
CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 7, 1902

Eight months ago I was so ill that I was compelled to lie or sit down nearly all the time. My stomach was so weak and upset that I could keep nothing on it and I vomited frequently. I could not urinate without great pain and I coughed so much that my throat and lungs were raw and sore. The doctors pronounced it Bright's disease and others said it was consumption. It mattered little to me what they called it and I had no desire to live. A sister visited me from St. Louis and asked me if I had ever tried Wine of Cardui. I told her I had not and she bought a bottle. I believe that it saved my life. I believe many women could save much suffering if they but knew of its value.

*Surgis Dumber*

Don't you want freedom from pain? Take Wine of Cardui and make one supreme effort to be well. You do not need to be a weak, helpless sufferer. You can have a woman's health and do a woman's work in life. Why not secure a bottle of Wine of Cardui from your druggist today?

**WINE OF CARDUI**

IN THESE DAYS

Of merciless competition man and woman are apt to forget just where to buy their groceries. Just to remind them that we are in business, here are a few items as gentle reminders:

Wigwam flour, per sk. \$1.35  
Eucopian kerosene per gal. 20  
Good coffee, 8 lbs. \$1.00  
3 3-pound cans tomatoes. 25  
3 cans good corn. 25  
4 cans Eagle lye. 25  
4 packages Arm & Hammer soda. 25

**300 Pairs Shoes at Cost.**

We want your produce and will pay highest market price for same.

**Duncan & Henderson,**  
Harrison's old stand.  
Ada, I. T.

M. MORRIS J. M. BRUNER H. WEST  
MORRIS-BRUNER REALTY CO.  
Buy, Sell, Rent and Lease  
REAL ESTATE  
Citizen's National Bank Bldg.  
ADA IND. TER.

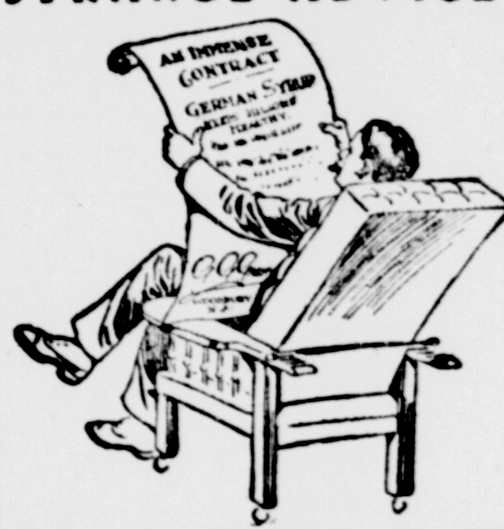
Coal

We now have on hand the best Coal yet received in Ada. Better lay in your Winter supply before the price advances. :: :: CASH ON DELIVERY.

**Crystal Ice & Coal Co.**

'PHONE 122. ADA, I. T.

STRANGE ADVICE!



Dr. G. Green gives alert personal attention to his great humanitarian contract.

In our Almanac for many years past we have given unusual advice to those afflicted with coughs, colds, throat or lung troubles or consumption. We have told them if they did not receive any special benefit after the use of one 75-cent size bottle of German Syrup, to consult their doctor. We did not ask them or urge them to use a large number of bottles, as is the case in the advertising of many other remedies. Our confidence in German Syrup makes it possible for us to give such advice. We know by the experience of over 35 years that one 75-cent bottle of German Syrup will speedily relieve or cure the worst coughs, colds, bronchial or lung troubles—and that, even in bad cases of consumption, one large bottle of German Syrup will work wonders. New trial bottles, 25c.; regular size, 75c. At all druggists.

Clark Drug Co., Ada, Ind. Ter.

BEE'S Laxative HONEY AND TAR

An improvement over all Cough, Lung and Bronchial Remedies. Cures Coughs. Strengthens the Lungs and Gently Moves the Bowels. Pleasant to the taste and good alike for Young and Old.

PREPARED BY  
Pineola Medicine Co., Chicago, U. S. A.

For sale by Clark Drug Co.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH **Dr. King's New Discovery**

FOR CONSUMPTION, COUGHS and COLDS. Price 50c a \$1.00 Free Trial.

Surest and Quickest Cure for all THROAT and LUNG TROUBLES, or MONEY BACK.

NEW MEAT MARKET!

We have opened a new Meat Market on Broadway opposite the Postoffice. Parties desiring the best of meat will find it there at all times.

**...RAYBURN & WILMOUTH...**

Bookkeeping and Shorthand

And all other studies usually embraced in a high grade, up-to-date course are taught most successfully, practically and thoroughly in

**Selvidge Business College**  
G. P. Selvidge, A. M., M. Accts., Pres.,  
Ardmore, I. T., or Gainesville, Texas.

## Business Course at Half Price

To help advertise the Shawnee Business College in your neighborhood and to save the trouble and expense of traveling and soliciting for pupils, we offer the first seven scholarships applied for by parties getting their mail from your postoffice, at half price, if taken between now and January 20, 1905.

## OUR SPECIAL OFFER IS AS FOLLOWS.

Full Commercial Course, including Bookkeeping, shorthand, Typewriting and all commercial branches  
Bookkeeping alone. \$50  
Shorthand alone. \$25  
Typewriting alone. \$15  
English Course alone. \$25  
Any two of the above. \$10  
Time not limited.

The above prices are only half the regular rate and are limited to seven pupils from any one postoffice, and must be taken before January 20, 1905.

Address  
**Emory W. Justus,**  
Shawnee, Okla.

### What You Cannot Afford.

You cannot afford to do without Dr. Bocher's German Syrup in the house if any of your family have a consumptive tendency, or if catarrhs, colds or bronchial affections are frequent visitors. German Syrup is a recognized and reliable remedy for consumption and the finest thing on earth for the throat and lungs. It will promptly check colds and is an infallible remedy for croup. German Syrup will keep the children healthy. Trial bottle, 25c. Big bottle 75c. At Clark Drug Co.

## New Meat Market.

We have opened up a new Meat Market on South Broadway and Thirteenth street. Best of Everything.

## Hickey & Dismukes.

FEED.

I have a full line of feed. I have put on a delivery wagon for my own use that I may be able to make prompt deliveries to any part of the city. J. M. Raney, at the Chickasaw Wagon yard.

A. E. KUHN THE TAILOR.

Has opened the first-class tailor shop in the "Freemason" building on stairs. First-class clothing, clean and fit. GUARANTEED. Try me!

PRICES VERY REASONABLE.

R. A. OWENS

Has purchased the Ada Meat Market and will handle none but the best of

MEATS

At all times. Orders delivered to any part of the city. Phone orders will receive our full attention. Your patronage will be appreciated.

**R. A. OWENS, Prop.**

THE NICKEL STORE.

**S. M. Shaw, Prop**

Broadway, 3 doors north  
P. O. Phone 77

The Nickel Store

Small Profits Quick Sales  
Cash

**Small Profits. Quick Sales. Cash.**

Happy New Year to all our customers and friends. We thank you all very kindly for your past patronage and hope to merit a continuance of same and shall try harder to please you and save you money than heretofore.

It is not the lowest priced goods that is the cheapest, but it is the best value for the price.

We are not in the race to have the lowest price goods, but we are in the race to give you the best value for your money. We are in the race for business, a successful business, and to win we must.

Have customers, regular customers, customers that come again and bring others with them. We realize the fact that we have competition, and we have to study to meet it fairly and squarely. It is our delight whenever we can to score and under price on to some grade of goods, or to score a better goods for the same price. We handle Graham Bros. fine Toilet Soaps, and Talcum Powder.



Pine Tar Soap 5c a cake.



Cademula Soap. Cade- u l a edia dToil- Soap akes 5c.



Imported Castile, each wrapped in Turkish Wash Cloth, 10c a cake. Smaller size without cloth, 5c a cake.



Talcum Powder, delicately prepared, 10c a can. Laundry Soap, Swiss or Silk, 3 cakes 10c. Rub No-More Powders or Gold Dust washing powder, 6 cakes 25c. We make a specialty of 5c and 10c bargain counters and my, the great bargains you are going to find there.